THE JOURNAL

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NO EIGHT-HOUR DAY FOR HIM

J. Pierpont Morgan seeks rest and diversion in the frivolities of Aix-les-Bains. He is striving to forget for a few hours the stupendous tasks he has taken upon himself and piled up until he has become the modern Atlas, the man upon whose shoulders rest the industries of a world.

But the cable assures us that the great man tries in vain. Dinners and dances, wines and walks, parties and plays, art and wit—all these cannot drive from the restive brain its dreams and schemes of industrial empire.

The great works unfinished, the still vaster ones but dreamed of, the little details of those done in the rough prey upon the mind of the man of millions and will not let him be himself.

He who is the master of so much is not the master of himself.

The creations of his own mind, the combinations of his own making, the industrial leviathans which he has conceived have grown greater than he, and waking or sleeping they control and drive him. Ever his mind must toil, ever the processes of thought go on, ever the plans be worked out or the children of his mind will no longer recognize their father.

If the master of finance—this man who dominates Rockefeller and Carnegie and Hill, this hero of the steel trust, this broker of the nations, this mobilizer of industry, this concentrator of energy has so far yielded to the awful fascination of doing mighty deeds that he cannot take his mind from them, but must needs unceasingly toil at the fascinating problems that are thrust upon him from all sides, then is he doomed.

Unless he can, like Napoleon, turn off the pressure and send himself to sleep; unless he can say to the tempter thus far and no farther, it is only a question of time until, wrecked in body and mind, the great emperor of industrialism shall fall from his throne of heaped up billions.

But what a ruin it will be! Better, perhaps, to go down with the crash of the pillars of the vast industries of two worlds, better to fall in the onward march of concentration and organization, better to perish in doing deeds that amaze the world, better to die in the harness, the leader of industrial armies of millions, the director of a capital of billions than to worry out a petty life of snobbery in London and Paris, pottering over the height of a collar, haggling with the garcon over his fee, or sneaking after princes and princelings as—well, as the expatriated Astor does. Better die with Pierpont Morgan in the stress of a life of Titanic doing than live with Astor in the smug nothingness of retired old age.

It is suspected that Morgan is violating the rules of the millionaires' union and is working more than eight hours.

CONSOLIDATED BUSINESS

The current number of the North American Review contains an interesting symposium by masters of finance and promoters of railway and industrial consolidations upon the new epoch of industrial amalgamations, which began in 1895 with the effectuation of sixteen consolidations, and, in the five years to 1900, made a record of 118 consolidated companies, whose capitals averaged $21,186,000 each, the amount of securities issued in these operations being $2,500,000,000, which was as much inflation as the market could stand at that time. During 1900 there was little more amalgamation accomplished, and it was reserved for the first year of the new century to witness the most stupendous industrial consolidation on record in this or any other country. This vast consolidation has been and is the talk of Europe as well as this country.

The symposium in the North American Review embodies an attack upon the new phase of finance and industry by Russell Sage, who has made and lost, by turns, several fortunes speculating in stocks, and a vigorous defense by such promoters of consolidations as J. J. Hill, C. M. Schwab, president of the Morgan monster steel corporation, C. R. Flint, F. B. Thurber and James Logan—all these latter gentlemen being officers of consolidated industries.

Mr. Sage devotes his article to a protest against inflation of stocks, whose real value is yet to be determined, and he predicts that a reaction must come from the kite-flying conditions as soon as the banks realize the situation, and an uprising of the people to make the money of the country the basis of trading, instead of inflated stocks.

Mr. Hill admits that the feeling against consolidation is general, but investigation will prove that it is almost invariably unreasonable. The public confound the consolidations with the old trusts, from which they differ very materially and have the stamp of legitimacy before the law, while the trusts were flatly against it. If some people have been injured by consolidations they have been and are a benefit to the many. While every modern improvement displaces some men, yet they are continually finding employment in the new forms of transportation and machinery, the chief beneficiary being the workman. He admits that the new era in the business world has to be tested by time, but, so far as it has gone, the results in economy and benefit to the public are favorable, as a big concern must keep its prices within the figure that will secure the greatest number of purchasers.

Mr. Schwab holds that a well-managed combination is a distinct gain to the state, as is shown by the outcry of foreign journals against this nation, because consolidation has put the nation in industrial control of the world. The workman may secure a partnership in the combination for which he works by investing his savings in open market in the stock of the concern. The workers may obtain thus a very large percentage of the industrial stock.

Mr. Flint shows from official tables that the industrials are not composed chiefly of water and that their stocks are not hazardous investments, and the shares are not held by a few persons but are distributed among thousands, where they used to be held only by hundreds.

Mr. Thurber's paper embodies a demonstration that transportation rates and prices of goods have shown a downward tendency and a better quality of goods under consolidation, while Mr. Logan very emphatically shows that consolidations result from the reckless competition in transportation rates and prices of goods which demoralized business and cut away even reasonable profits.

This symposium embodies the elements of truth and the elements of untruth. The financial structure of most of the consolidations contains a vicious fictitious element in the common stock. Sixty per cent of the securities of the big capitalization from 1895 to 1900 consisted chiefly of intrinsically valueless common shares. These enter also into the latter capitalizations. Common shares become valuable only if a consolidation can monopolistically control absolutely the profits on its products.

The protagonists of the consolidating process present very practical arguments and they are undoubtedly right in assuming that the new era of business can hardly be displaced for the old methods. The latter will not fit the enormous growth of trade and industry. The new methods are only menacing when they become breeders of monopoly and monopolistic greed. But, as yet, the law of natural competition asserts itself. Even the Morgan consolidation is subject to competition in iron and steel from strong concerns which have kept out of the promoter's market.

"I seldom read the newspapers myself," says J. J. Hill, in an interesting interview which appears in The Journal to-day, and he speaks of the misinformation and idle conjecture that appear in print. Then Mr. Hill cites the newspaper accounts of his Burlington deal to prove his charges. Now if Mr. Hill would read the papers he would not exhibit so much misinformation about what they publish. As a matter of fact the newspapers have from the start explained that the acquirement of Burlington stock by Mr. Hill was not personal, but for the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Yet Mr. Hill assumes that the newspapers have been saying that he was getting it on his own account. If Mr. Hill hasn't time to read all the newspapers through he should adopt a clipping system by which he can learn what interests him. The newspapers have trouble enough in their efforts for accuracy without being indicted by one who admits that he doesn't read them.

BRITAIN AND PROTECTION

The British commons yesterday adopted the coal tax portion of the budget by a vote of 333 to 227, in spite of dire threats from coal miners and coal mine operators. In this country the democratic journals have been trying to prove that this coal tax has no element of protection in it. In England there is pretty general consent that it is a protective tax. It is. It was designed to be. It will produce a revenue of $11,000,000, or one-fifth of the proceeds of the new taxes ($55,000,000), but it was introduced to protect the manufacturing industry and the internal transportation system, whose representatives have been for some time complaining that the increased price of coal, due largely to the export from England to foreign countries, was injurious to their interests. They pointed to the fact that in 1899, 43,108,568 tons were exported, and in addition, 12,256,801 tons were taken for the use of steamers.

The chancellor of the exchequer, in making up the budget, took all things into consideration, the increased cost of mining coal in the constantly deepening mines of England and the necessity of protecting the transportation and mining interests in the United Kingdom.

The resort to an export coal tax is a distinct departure from the system of political economy which Great Britain has followed for half a century.

The same may be said of the sugar tax, which is largely intended to protect the British sugar refiners. The London Mail puts the whole matter in a nutshell when it says of the coal tax: "From the economic standpoint, so high an authority as Professor Marshall is convinced that the coal tax is justifiable. Coal is a commodity which cannot be replaced when it has once been extracted from the earth. The coal masters, of course, tell us that the supply of it is inexhaustible. But the supply which can be mined at a profit is not inexhaustible, and it is to this that we must look with some anxiety."

This tax is admittedly protective. Great Britain cannot with safety proceed to follow up this policy in many other directions, for her leading journals admit her dependence upon the foreigner for meat, bread, raw materials like cotton and scores of other necessities. And her population is increasing steadily and individual wants are concurrently increasing.

The Science of Optimism An eastern paper tells of a New York broker, who believed at the time of Mr. McKinley's second election, that the country had about all the prosperity it could stand. Every time a customer came in to buy stocks he warned him of the danger of over confidence and predicted a panic. Values continued to appreciate and the broker continued to wave the red flag. Of course the firm lost the business, for customers are easily influenced by pessimistic views and go where there is optimism and confidence. Finally some genius named the broker "Old Danger Signal" and the name is going to stick.

Confidence and optimism are the foundations of success. People who are always telling of their troubles and fears drive people away. The world naturally gravitates towards an atmosphere of success and confidence. We all want to hitch our wagons to the strong man's star. The democratic party in the last two campaigns has veen waving the red lantern of doubt and calamity and the people voted on the other side.

There is a science of optimism that puts one in the attitude of success.

People are "sore" at the person who tells them his troubles. "The best lightning rod," said Emerson, "is a stiff spine." The idea that all things are coming your way is a better tonic than twenty-four bottles of magnetic compound. The world will look cheerful and joyous to you when you put on the cheerful and joyous glasses and see things that way. Walt Whitman gave the same idea when he said:

"I swear the world shall be complete to him or her who is complete."

When the president struck Lynchburg, Va., says the New York Times, Senator Daniel of that town stated in his speech of welcome, "That when the momentarily more populous and more prosperous cities of the north shall be one with Nineveh and Tyre Lynchburg will be great with the arduous greatness of things accomplished and in the enjoyment of a prosperity more enduring than the fires which burn behind the ardent phlogosphere of

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The mayor of Omaha, because of a clamor to have the saloons closed Sunday, has closed not only saloons but drug stores, theaters and street cars and the town for twenty-four hours became the great American desert again. That's one way for a mayor to be foolish. There are other ways.

Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas has become an oil octopus all by himself. The hogg usually has but one tentacle, and that curled tightly over his back. Several new ones will have to be sprouted on the adjacent corners.

It is dawning upon the American people that they have a very smooth president. His praise of Presidents Jefferson and Jackson at New Orleans somewhat startled the people, but they gave tongue lustily.

Perry Heath hears the cry of the common people demanding Mark Hanna for president in 1904. Perry must be wearing over his ears one of those microphones that enables one to hear a fly walk.

Northern Pacific stock went up yesterday with the rapidity of the Irishman who smoked his pipe on the powder keg.

If it were advice that J. P. Morgan wanted he would not have to buy it.

AMUSEMENTS

George Clarke in "When We Were Twenty-one."

H. V. Esmond's beautiful and quite unconventional drama which formed the bridge upon which Nat Goodwin crossed from the realm of pure comedy into the more serious fields of dramatic endeavor, now furnishes the passage whereby George Clarke, long known as a versatile and intelligent actor in support, enters upon starhood. The fact that the drama first came to public attention through Mr. Goodwin makes it inevitable that the present production should be compared with the original one. Unfair as this might seem, it is not at all to the discredit of Mr. Clarke, who has succeeded in presenting the play in such manner as to win the approbation of even Mr. Goodwin's most steadfast admirers.

It is perhaps quite unnecessary to say that so good and experienced an actor as Mr. Clarke presents an entirely original portrait of Richard Carewe, bearing only a general resemblance to the marvelously natural and spontaneous work of the creator of the part. The conception he presents is that of a man to whom self-sacrifice is a lifelong habit, yielding contentment in its exercise. But stealthily and quite unbidden, into his life of self-sacrifice there has crept love for a woman. Its presence is unrecognized and unacknowledged, until of a sudden there arises an emergency which makes it necessary seemingly for that love to be offered up on the same altar of self-sacrifice for the son of his dead friend, where he has so ungrudgingly laid all else. The pathos of the play lies here and it must be said that Mr. Clarke expresses it with an art that rings true. His voice has that peculiar sympathetic quality which makes what he says seem convincing and from the heart. It is in its humorous aspect that the characterization is not entirely satisfying. The quick transitions from humor to pathos, which no American actor knows so well how to manage as Mr. Goodwin, and in which Mr. Esmond's play abounds, are not handled with such striking felicity by Mr. Clarke. His work thus lacks something in contrast; the tension is too continuous to be effective. Yet his Dick is by no means a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve. He is a natural, unaffected, lovable man.

The "trinity"—those old-time chums of Dick's who stand by him so steadfastly and who remind one of D'Artagnan's friends of old or that later partnership in "Trilby"—are well differentiated by Otis B. Thayer, John T. Burke and J. W. Benson. Each is an individual with strongly marked traits, but all are alike in their devotion to each other and to Dick. H. Dudley Hawley plays the scapegrace "Imp" with all the impetuosity and selfishness of the spoiled youth of twenty-one. The adorable Phyllis, clear-sighted, true-hearted and waywardly feminine, is played in good taste by Miss Estelle Carter, whose greatest defect is a poorly managed speaking voice. The final love scene with Dick where she finally without sacrifice of maidenly modesty tears the scales from his eyes, forms a pretty and touching finale for a strenuous act. The minor characters are for the most part well bestowed and the play is staged in good taste, although the supper club scene is rather meagerly furnished.

—W. B. C.

"The Great White Diamond" at the Bijou.

"The Great White Diamond," a melodrama of the old school, is the attraction at the Bijou this week. This play, like many others in the same class, endeavors to point a moral while adorning a tale, and succeeds, as most melodramas do, in furnishing some striking stage settings.

The play is on the spectacular order and contains many thrilling situations. The scene at the railway station, for example, showing an express train skurrying cross the country at a mile-a-minute clip, is wonderfully realistic. This scene is made very effective by a human being hanging in a mail sack "in the imminent deadly breech," as it were, but not in any fearful, calamitous condition.

One of the strange things about "The Great White Diamond" is that the villain is stone blind in the daytime, but has an eye like Mars at night. When the shadows of night begin to fall he "sees things," and, his disposition and general deportment naturally running to the bad, he does some awful things. He really ought to be arrested, but is saved, happily enough, from administration persecution by the generosity of those who ought to remove him from earthly activity.

The scene in the deserted mill, with its "Span of Life" incident, is effective. The athletics and acrobatics pertaining to the same are of a high order. The enthusiasm engendered by this bit of work at last night's performance exceeded all bounds. The company, as a whole, is satisfactory. Frank Hennig, a legitimate actor of the old school, heads the cast and contributes largely to the success of the play.

Foyer Chat.

The production of "The Village Parson" at the Metropolitan for the week commencing next Sunday, promises to be one of the best plays seen here this season. It has been a pronounced success in all the cities visited this season and has received the highest praise from press and public. The scenic accessories are elaborate and picturesque, the action taking place in Louisiana. Seats will be on sale Thursday morning.

"Carl Carlson," the latest Swedish-American comedy drama, will be the attraction at the Bijou the coming week. During the action a thrilling cattle stampede and a realistic prairie fire scene are shown. The play is said to contain a well-defined plot and a coherent story, through which runs just enough love interest to make it interesting on that score. Arthur Donaldson, who will essay the title role, aside from being the possessor of a remarkably fine barytone voice, is, perhaps, the best exponent of Swedish dialect characters the American stage has yet seen. He will be assisted by a carefully selected company, headed by that splendid character

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COLONIAL GOVERNMENTS OF TO-DAY.

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XII.—THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND

By Robert M. Hacket of Auckland, New Zealand.

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Among the colored races with which the Anglo-Saxon people have come in contact, there are few presenting so many features of interest and none showing such a remarkable advancement from savagery to civilization as the Maoris of New Zealand. The history of their encounters with the white invader of their country, of their pacification and of how they were turned to the ways of civilization, though it extends over but a brief period, is full of picturesque incident and may furnish some useful lessons for the United States in dealing with the people of the Philippines.

There is no record of the origin of the Moaris. Tradition tells of their voyaging to New Zealand in canoes from some of the islands of the Pacific, and this tradition is accepted by students of the race, the time of their coming being about five hundred years ago. When Tasman first sighted New Zealand, in 1642, he found the natives numerous and fierce, and Captain Cook gave blood-curdling accounts of the warlike character and cannibalism as the result of his visits from 1769 to 1774. In 1809 sixty-six white persons, on board the ship Boyd, which called on her way from Sydney to England, were killed and eaten by the Maoris, and in 1816 the crew of the American brig Agnes suffered a similar fate. However, Rev. Samuel Marsden took a band of missionaries to New Zealand in 1814. He secured the friendship of some of the chiefs, but was unable to prevent wars among the different Maori tribes. When the first organized band of British settlers arrived, ten years later, the majority of them were frightened from the country by the sight of conquering tribes cutting up and eating the bodies of its enemies.

The Treaty of Waitangi.

The missionaries, however, continued their work, and through their influence the active intervention of Great Britain was secured, and in 1840 the treaty of Waitangi was signed—a great event for the Maoris, who to this day regard that agreement as their magna charta. It contained the Maoris' declaration of allegiance to the queen and Great Britain's recognition of the Maori ownership of the whole of New Zealand. This treaty led to a semblance of peace and the settlement of the country proceeded; but the difficulty of dealing with the natives with respect to their lands was soon apparent, and the first bloodshed after the signing of the treaty was caused by a disputed land transaction between the whites and the Maoris. The war lasted five years, peace being eventually restored by the efforts of Sir George Grey, who secured the confidence of the Maoris, dealing fairly with them, paying them for their lands, setting up schools to educate their children and train them in agriculture. Throughout the war a section of the Maoris had remained friendly to the English and had fought with them against the hostile tribes.

During the twelve years of peace that followed the ever-increasing number of white settlers in New Zealand had many friends among the Maoris. But the tribes inhabiting the heart of the north island continued hostile to the British. They had been always averse to the Maoris selling their land, and they had noted with displeasure the increased power of the white men. Meetings were held, and it was resolved that an attempt should be made to amalgamate all the Maori tribes under one king, with a view to driving the English out of the country. Te Whero Whero was chosen king, and he hoisted the Maori flag; but the movement was unsuccessful, and to this day there has not been any union of the tribes. There is still a Maori king, but his authority is acknowledged by only a section of the Maoris, and he uses his influence, not to drive the English out of the country, but to secure from the English representatives in parliament the best legislation possible for his people.

Pacification of the Maoris.

The movement, however, was accompanied by the formation of a land league and the old trouble in connection with the purchase of native lands led to war in the Taranaki district. No sooner had this rising been quelled than another section of the Maoris, the Warkatos, were in arms and a long and costly war followed. Sir George Grey, who had been so successful in the first war, arrived 1861, but the Maoris were not subdued until 1866 and there were skirmishes up to 1871.

Throughout the war Sir George Grey had done much to break down the native distrust of the English colonists and at a critical time sir Donald McLean came on the scene as minister of native affairs. During his seven years of office all traces of enmity were wiped away. Sir Donald McLean understood the Maoris. He paid respect to their chiefs and showed great tact in the purchase of native lands. He employed large numbers of Maoris on roadmaking, paying them liberally. Though obstinate and self-willed in opposition, the Maoris have always been easily handled when respectfully and kindly treated, and Sir Donald was ever their friend and counselor. They had learned the value of money long before the close of the war and the money spent among them in roadmaking did much to conciliate them, while the roads opened up the country for future settlement.

Rapid Progress of the Natives.

There has been one, and only one, real difficulty in dealing with them. The land question has always been a source of trouble. It was the cause of much of the bloodshed and has been the object of continuous negotiation, ever since, but successive governments since 1870 have shown much patience and consideration with Maori land owners and gradually prejudice has given place to confidence and the Maoris to their own benefit are now leasing and selling their lands freely to Europeans. The treaty of Waitangi gave to the Maoris, numbering at the time 60,000 or 70,000, an absolute title to 66,000,000 acres of valuable land, and the validity of the treaty or the rights of the Maoris to the land has never been disputed.

When the treaty was signed the private purchase of native lands was stopped, the pre-emptive right of purchase from the Maoris passing to the British government, an officer of the crowd being appointed to determine the titles. This method obtained till 1862, when land courts, presided over by able judges, were set up to determine titles and private purchases were allowed up to 1894, when the crown again took the sole right of dealing with the Maoris. The Maoris urged that they should have a greater voice in the disposal of their lands. After many consultations with the tribes the present premier, the Right Honorable R. J. Seddon, has recently brought into operation the most promising land legislation yet provided for the Maoris. The whole control of the lands is vested in a board partly appointed by the governor and partly elected by the Maoris themselves, provision being made for the majority of the members being Maoris. The board investigates titles and has power to sell or lease land either to private individuals or to the crown, but prior to any sale the members of the board have to be satisfied that the alienating Maori retains sufficient land for his own support.

Since the treaty of Waitangi much land has passed out of the hands of the Maoris. Since 1870 the government has spent a sum equal to $10,000,000 in purchasing native lands in the north island, and prior to that year the whole of the south island had been disposed of by the Maori owners. There are still, however, over 10,000,000 acres owned by Maoris, of which they cultivate only about 100,000 acres.

RT. HON. R. J. SEDDON, PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND AND PROMINENT MAORIS.

The premier is seated and at his left sits Mahuta, king of the Maoris. Back of the premier stands Mahuta's secretary. Then come, in the order named, Te Waiharoa, called by courtesy the Maori premier; Henare Karhau, a Maori member of the New Zealand house of representatives, and James Carroll, half caste, minister for native affairs in the New Zealand government.

Present Condition of the Maoris.

The position of the Maoris to-day is in many respects in striking contrast to that of a quarter of a century ago. Unfortunately their numbers are decreasing. There were at the last census under 40,000. The half-caste population, now over 6,000, is steadily increasing. To a considerable extent the Maoris still live in communistic fashion, each village cultivating sufficient food for its own requirements, while in their dealings with Europeans they frequently pool the proceeds for the benefit of the community. There are, however, many exceptions to this rule, and as railways are being pushed through their country and the opportunities for earning and spending money in European fashion are increased, the little communities are being gradually broken up.

Of the marks of improvement shown by the Maoris, there is none so distinctly prominent as the anxiety they display for the education of their children and their instruction in the English language. There are 4,410 Maori children now attending school, many of them are receiving higher education, and a few have been graduated at the university. There are several Maori lawyers in the colony, and the roll of the supreme court contains the name of at least one Maori barrister. When well trained, the Maoris make excellent mechanics, and they have always shown a wonderful capacity for making roads even without engineering assistance.

Maoris in Government Offices.

In the last thirty years the Maoris have returned four members to the New Zealand house of representatives, and they have at present two members of the race sitting in the legislative council. The present minister for native affairs, the Hon. James Carroll, is a half caste, sitting for a European constituency. He is a persistent advocate of the cause of the Maoris. For the election of the four Maori members of the house of representatives all Maoris over 21 years of age have a vote. At the last election there were twenty candidates for the four seats, and of a total population of 39,854 (including children), 13,628 voted. The local government of Maori villages has until recently been left in the control of the chiefs, but an act passed during the last session of parliament has created Maori councils with a sort of mixed authority comprising the functions of policeman, magistrate and local board of health.

The Maoris are respected and admired for their sterling virtues and their bravery. Obstinate and self-willed in warfare, proud and superstitious in their subsequent dealings with the British, they have developed into a light-hearted, good-natured race, erratic and uncertain, it is true, and possessing none of the characteristics of a progressive people, yet without doubt the best colored race in physique, in character and in history that could be found in the worldwide British empire.

Robert M Hacket

The Passing of a Princess. By Phil M. Conger.

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I came across her one night when I was slumming. No, I was not exactly slumming. As a journalist, the dives and dens of the tenement district had been familiar to me for years. It was on one of my tours, for now and then, when too well satisfied with life, I take a trip amidst crime and degradation and poverty as an offset.

I found her in a little room on the top story of a tenement—the Princess. It was a winter's night, and the fire was out for want of fuel, the cupboard empty for want of money, and the girl and her grandmother huddled up to each other on an old straw mattress to keep warm. On the floor below them a woman had said:

"Thanks, sir, and God bless you, but if you have a penny more to give, look in on the old woman and girl upstairs. I know they haven't had a fire or a mouthful of food for two days."

It wasn't good manners to walk in on the pair without knocking, and with a lighted candle in my hand in addition, but that was the way I entered. They were both awake. The girl fastened her big blue eyes on me and uttered no word while I deposited the packages and lighted a fire in the old stove. When I had taken a seat on the corner of the rickety old table, she quietly observed:

"I hope the gentleman will excuse me."

"The gentleman will do so," I replied.

"And will the gentleman withdraw while me and grandma get up."

The gentleman passed out into the ice-cold hall and stamped up and down for three or four minutes. Then he was informed with considerable dignity that the ladies had finished their toilet and were "at home." A few minutes later we sat down to a feast—the trio of us. I expected to hear a tale of want and woe, but none was told. There was no inveighing against the rich—no criticism of the world at large—not one single complaint that they were there in Poverty's clutch. Grandma was a woman of 70. She had a soft, gentle face and the dignity of old age. It was hard to connect her with poverty, although one saw the Wolf of Starvation sniffing at the door. The girl was not over 10, but she had the face of one double that age. Her clothes were ragged but clean; her hands had been used to toil, but they were shapely and clear of dirt. Her face wore a smile, and yet there was dignity behind it. No blessings were showered upon my head—no exultation. If I was a benefactor I was also a guest.

"I thought some one would come," said the girl, as we stood around the table with its miserable showing of crockery.

"And why did you think so?" I asked.

"Because I shall be a princess some day."

"And how will that come about?"

In quiet tones, and with an earnestness which made me wonder, she told me that over and over again she had dreamed that she was a princess. The idea had become firmly fixed in her mind, and even had I cared to combat it, arguments would have been useless. She had read story books, too—she had read of princes and princesses and knights and chevaliers, and to dispel her illusions would have been almost wicked. I called her princess in a spirit of levity. She accepted the title with such dignity that I bestowed it upon her in earnest. Grandma's mind was not in its second childhood, yet she had fully accepted the situation. That is, she firmly believed that it would come to pass some day that her granddaughter would wear the purple and ride behind proud-stepping horses. I encouraged her to think so, and I encouraged the princess. This was deceit on my part, but God help those men and women and children of the tenements who sit in cold, darkness and hunger and have no visions to keep back their wails or curses.

Old as she was, granny had a little work now and then, and young as she was, the princess earned a few shillings per week. I should have been glad to do more for them, for I had become knight to a princess; but they drew a line and entered a protest. To go beyond that line was to hurt their feelings and offend their dignity.

Sometimes in my knocking about I found the princess on the street, and I had no cause to wonder that the half-drunken women and rude boys treated her with respect. It had somehow got about the street that she was a real princess, who would come into her own some day, and she must be treated differently from other girls. There were weeks and weeks at a time when the faith of the princess in her future would not let a doubt creep in. Then there would come a blue day, and after sitting with her chin on her hands for a long hour while I talked with grandma, she would earnestly inquire:

"Do you think I shall ever be a real princess? Won't some other girl get the place ahead of me before I am old enough?"

Then I would look around at the evidence of poverty—I would feel the pinching, the grinding, the bitterness hemming her in, and I would reply with deceit on my tongue. I would encourage her to keep fast hold of her illusions—to drive any menacing doubt away. She believed in me and was the happier for it, and it was also worth the sin to receive the grateful looks of the poor old woman whose span of life was almost closed. When I had restored her courage the princess would tell me of her plans when she should come into her own. There was never a plan that did not include the betterment of humanity. There would be no enemies to punish—no laws to oppress—no charity to hurt the sensitive. The multimillionaire who would carry out that girl's plans would be admired by all men and blessed by thousands.

Our friendship lasted a year, and its end was both sudden and tragical. As she attempted to cross the street one day the princess was knocked down and run over by a heavy vehicle. A dozen people rushed to pick her up, but each and every one of them realized at first glance that her end had come. She was broken and crushed, but not unconscious. They wondered that she did not scream out in her pain, and when the ambulance surgeon spoke in admiration of her pluck, she quietly replied:

"Sir, I shall be a princess some day, and a princess never cries in public!"

They took her to the hospital, and the doctors did not need two minutes to satisfy themselves that she had only a few hours to live. They expressed condolence, because she was a child, but words of sympathy brought no tears to her eyes nor groans to her lips.

"Is it bad?" she quietly asked of the nurse, after the doctors had withdrawn.

"Very bad," was the reply, as a soft hand was laid upon her forehead.

"If—if it 's too bad, then I won't never get to be a princess, will I?"

"Poor child!"

"It's years and years," said the girl as her lips trembled at last. "Me and granny have been cold and hungry and ragged, but we never gave up. I was to be a princess some day, and then we'd live in a palace and have everything we wanted. If I'm hurt too bad to ever be a princess, what will granny do?"

Then came delirium, and the ravings told the nurse such a story of mingled romance and poverty that she wept over it. A simple illusion had carried that child through years of uncomplaining penury without complaint. It had safe-guarded her amidst the lowest and vilest—it had kept her face to God and it had made her reverenced by men. Half an hour before death came, the delirium passed. Then she looked at the nurse with her big blue eyes and asked:

"Is it bad—very bad?"

"You may never get well," replied the nurse with a sob.

There was a long silence. The gates of pearl must have been opening when the princess asked:

"Will—will I ever be a princess?"

"Yes, dear—up there—among the angels—you shall come into your kingdom!"

The nurse went back to the window and leaned her elbows on the sill and sobbed as if the life of a sister was departing. When she turned the little face was growing white and the eyes had closed.

And so the Knight of the Princess sits with poor old granny andtalks of that which was and tries in vain to offer comfort.

Daily New York Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row, New York.

Millionaire's Row.

May 7.—So many western millionaires have been piling into upper Fifth avenue of late years that the street north of Fifty-ninth street has been assuming an entirely new and distinctive appearance. Andrew Carnegie has called the upper part of this new section "The Highlands of Fifth Avenue," and the name has found favor with many. Mr. Carnegie, in giving this name to the locality where he himself is building his palace, intended it to cover that part of the street between Eighty-second and Ninety-second streets, the highest point of which is crowned by the Carnegie home. But even these ten streets will not include all of the territory that has been invaded by the western millionaires, and particularly by the men from Pittsburg who are so closely identified with the steel industry. All of upper Fifth avenue has long been known as "Millionaires' row," but the upper part, from Seventy-second to Ninety-second streets, has lately been dubbed the "Western colony," and even the "Pittsburg colony" by some. To be sure, westerners are scattered all along the avenue from Fifty-ninth street up, but from Eighty-seventh to Ninety-fifth they are the thickest. This upper section of the avenue shows many strange contrasts, for alongside the palaces of millionaires are to be found old-fashioned roadhouses and buildings that are little more than shanties, relics of the former days of the avenue when it was a road. The owners of the land are simply waiting purchasers at fancy figures, and meanwhile do not care what sort of a building remains on the land. The Carnegie home, for instance, is built on land costing over a million, while the house itself will cost a million and a half before it is completed. But on the opposite corner is a shanty occupied as a cheap beer saloon. Its days are numbered. Outside of Mr. Carnegie, there are several other steel men of wealth and note who are either building on the avenue or have bought land and are preparing to build. They include Charles M. Schwab, H. C. Frick, William B. Leeds and Former Judge E. H. Gary.

Heavy Salaries for the Pastor.

The salaries of city ministers have become large, and the perquisites often amount to as much again as the salaries. It is said the late Dr. John Hall had an income of between $55,00 and $60,000 a year, of which his salary amounted to only $25,000, the balance being made up from marriage fees and other incidentals. Dr. Morgan Dix of Trinity receives a salary of $25,000 and his perquisites amount to quite as much more as did Dr. Hall's. Dr. Dix has also about twenty assistant curates, none of whom gets less than $2,500 yearly. Not less than the income of either Dr. Hall or Dr. Dix is the income of Dr. Greer, pastor of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal church; for, besides a large salary, he officiates at more fashionable weddings than any other minister in New York. Dr. Huntington of Grace church probably comes third on the list of high-priced preaches. Dr. McArthur of Calvary church is the best paid Baptist minister in the city, although his salary is not equal to that paid some of the Episcopal rectors. His fees are large, however. The custom of giving big marriage fees is increasing every year, the bigger the fee the more complimentary it is supposed to be to the bride. The rectors also get rich checks for the christening of the little ones. So, when it is remembered that handsome residences are thrown in with the large churches, in addition to the regular salary, it will be seen that a call to a rich city church is not to be despised.

The New Dean at Barnard.

Miss Laura D. Gill, inaugurated as dean of Barnard college, is a native of Maine, a graduate of Smith college and a student in European institutions. During the war with Spain she went to Cuba under the auspices of the Red Cross society and served as nurse and in other capacities. Her inaugural address reveals her as a woman of thought and culture, as well as executive force. Among other things, she said: "It would be a great pity to have the intellectual standards of our colleges lowered one whit; it would be a great pity to have students leave college imagining that the intellectual development is the most important part of the symmetrical education. Intellect alone is cold, heartless and selfish; it must be lighted up by moral and spiritual principles to reveal its beauty or fulfil its high mission. The social life of a college becomes one of its most potent agents, and needs to be most carefully guarded and guided by faculty and students. The religious life of a college should be as catholic as its social life is democratic. It should, nevertheless, be positive, strong and deep, recognizing the responsibility of each individual to evolve some positive guiding philosophy of life, however simple. Practical unbelief and its attendant spiritual paralysis result a thousand times from lack of thought where they arise once from either honest scientific skepticism or philosophical questionings."

A Lightning Change Artist.

Before Senor La Presa came to America he was heralded as the greatest thing in the lightning-change line ever seen on the American continent. He has now had one week in the metropolis, and all who have seen him at Keith's proclaim him to be a wonder and in every way to meet the advance descriptions of Messrs. Liebler & Co. The Spaniard is a whole stock company in himself, and his accomplishments are without number. The man possesses the faculty of slipping through one doorway a tall, well-dressed man of 40, sporting a luxurious pair of whiskers and blooming mustache, and before the spectator can wink he reappears by another door as a Spanish lady in evening gown and disguise so perfect the artist's identity is not discernible in either case. In addition, La Presa, as the woman, steps to the window with face turned toward the audience, in ecstacy at her lover's coming, and serenades herself. Then the illusion is complete. This is the sort of work being done by the man who made a reputation all over Europe, South America and the West Indies before he came here. Not only as a change artist, but as a ventriloquist, he is a wonder.

Another Opening for Women.

Enterprising woman has discovered still another way to gain a living in the metropolis, and it is a good way, too, judging from the returns. This particular woman, who conducts the business, was in the office of a girl friend employed in the business section of town, and learned of the difficulties in the way of the average woman employed in offices to get anything like dainty and tempting luncheon within her means. Therefore the woman promptly started in to prepare and furnish luncheons to the down-town office women. A canvass of a few of the buildings assured her of the success of her plan for she secured over three hundred customers in less than a week. To them she furnishes a lunch consisting of two sandwiches, one of meat and one of lettuce, cheese or sardines, a couple of slices of home-made cake and a glass of milk done up in a small sealed bottle, which is returned the following day. The luncheons are neatly done up in white paper and at noon each day are left at the offices by boys. The moderate charge of 25 cents daily is made and the scheme is a boon alike to the stenographers and women office workers and to the woman engineering the business. She is now running quite an elaborate establishment.

—N. N. A.

Also Lucky for Jonathan.

Boston Globe.

Half of the British loan has been taken by Americans. It's lucky for John that Jonathan is prosperous.

Dulling an Ancient Saw.

Omaha Bee.

From the figures given for the capitalization of the different companies being organized to work the oil fields of Texas, the conclusion is inevitable that the saw about oil and water never mixing has been either called off temporarily or abrogated altogether.